

## i've been trying to make you love me

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## i've been trying to make you love me

by [mathHomework](#)

### Notes

if you know george and dream, or worse, ARE george and dream, please please please do not read this . i dont know them okay. you will laugh at all of my inaccuracies. also i know neither of them are gay OKAY!?? actually even if you dont meet any of the above criteria, DO NOT READ THIS FIC. its actually really bad. i dont know how to write.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

George was not a secretive person, he just had boundaries. If he won't tell his fans his cat's name, who cares? And if he won't tell Dream he loves him, what does it matter? Some things are just better left unsaid. Some things, he hoped, are obvious enough to go without saying.

The problem was: it's been getting harder to keep quiet. It'd be some stupid joke, or a dumb attempt at flirting, something Dream knew would make him laugh- and it would catch him off guard. All of a sudden, George's face would flush and his heart would hurt and he'd short-circuit, unable to think of any good comeback or joke. It's then that the words come to him: *I love you*. The phrase always lays at the base of his throat, almost painful in its presence.

When he realized that he didn't love Dream *just* as a friend, that he was *in love* with him, he didn't leave his room for days. Not that that's something he doesn't usually do, but, he didn't even get up for food or to talk to his parents or *anything* . He was so disgusted with himself. They were supposed to have recorded a video, but judging as how George went completely AWOL, it had to have been postponed. George later gave some half-assed apology about being sick, and Dream (thankfully) never brought it up again.

Often, George found himself lovesick and hurting over Dream. Something about being in love with his straight best friend who, by the way, lived thousands of miles away, in fucking *Florida*. After

the initial shock, it wasn't that bad, it was just always in the back of his head. He loved Dream. He said it to himself a million times over. Of course he did. How could he *not*?

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Deciding to meet finally Dream in real life came as a result sleepless nights and pained hearts and an innumerable amount of yearning,

When it came to the issue of where George would stay, there was almost an unspoken agreement between the two of them. If it were up to George, it would've stayed that way, but Dream likes to put things out in the open. They were on teamspeak, just talking, when Dream brought up the subject.

"George, when you come over, you're just gonna stay at my place, right? Or..." He sounded unsure. Nervous, almost.

"No, Dream. I'm spending an unreasonable amount of money on a three-week stay in a shitty hotel instead of staying with you." He tried to sound as deadpanned as possible, but it was kind of an awkward thing to talk about. Hadn't he been obvious enough?

Dream snickered. "Okay, I was just making sure that... I didn't want any mishaps, alright?"

"Right. You can't see me, but I just rolled my eyes."

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He was never good with words. As his best friend drove him from the airport to his apartment, he found that there was no way, really, to describe what Dream looked like. Sure, you could say that he's tall and blonde and all that, but it's so vague, and would never do Dream any justice. He'd seen him before, in a couple of pictures he'd practically had to beg on his knees for, but seeing him in real life was... different. Better. So much better.

Dream was beautiful in a way George couldn't even describe. Yes, he was pretty conventionally attractive, but it went *so* beyond that. Dream could be the most average-looking man on Earth and it wouldn't have made a difference. Dream was Dream, and he was like no other. He had an energy to him that made him irresistible to George.

The first thing Dream did once they got home was give him a tour of the place.

It was then and there, looking around at Dream's belongings, staring at the space that his best friend had made a home out of, that it finally hit George: he was *with* Dream. Physically, they were here with each other, together. Standing so close that their arms brushed from time to time, and George didn't know what to do with the sudden intimacy.

"Dream," George was almost whispering. He might've just interrupted Dream, but the latter didn't seem to care. He looked back at him, his initial giddiness having resided, only a soft smile remaining.

“What?” His tone was soft. Inviting.

George wrapped his arms around Dream, surprising the both of them. Dream must’ve been caught off guard, because he hesitated for a moment before hugging him back.

“I love you.” George couldn’t help himself any longer. Saying it felt like a weight being lifted from his shoulders, even if it did come out kind of muffled. He’d pressed his head into Dream’s collarbone. The height difference definitely allowed for it, and it made George self conscious how easily he’d fallen into that position. Dream hadn’t minded, right?

Dream only sighed, pulling George as close as possible.

“Jeez. If all I had to do to make you admit it was meet you in person, I would’ve flown you out *ages* ago.” At this, George pulled back, and had the audacity to scoff.

“Okay, I take it back.”

“No! You can’t. You’ve already said it.” They were both grinning now. If Dream noticed the small tears dotting George’s eyes, he didn’t mention it.

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They fell into a comfortable rhythm from then on. To Dream’s quiet delight, he learned a very important thing about George: what he lacked in verbal affections, he more than made up for in physical ones.

George was always there. When they shared the couch, he’d sit across from Dream, propping his feet on his lap. When Dream showed him some of the code for a plugin they’d been working on, George would peer down at the monitor with his hand on his shoulder. When they went out, they stood close to each other. Occasionally, George would want to reach out to Dream and hold his hand, but he’d always stop himself.

Dream was- is- the sun. George cannot help but have his life revolve around the other. George looks up at Dream, and the warmth that radiates from him is real and addicting. And, much like the real sun, George cannot look at Dream for too long without burning up and having to look away.

Despite this, George familiarized himself with Dream’s mannerisms, his conduct, the way he carried himself. The wicked and crooked smile he gave him after making a dirty joke. He memorized the sharpness of his jaw, the way his hair looked when he woke up, *everything* . George had never felt that bad about being colorblind, not until he’d realized he was missing out on the color of Dream’s eyes. George would have to go back to London eventually, but he’ll try to have every little detail about Dream tattooed into the inside of his brain before leaving. The image of Dream’s lips was already fairly imprinted in him, but only because of the amount of times his eyes had accidentally drifted down to look at them. Oh, well. Dream hadn’t seemed to notice.

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“Alright, guys, I bet you’re all wondering why this isn’t my *usual* setup... I’m sure you can tell that this isn’t my room.” George had begun streaming. Facecam, obviously, because this was about to be one of the most important streams he’d ever done: Dream’s face reveal.

“...And *that’s* because I’m actually in *Dream’s* room! Say hi, Dream!” Off-camera, Dream could be heard saying hi. Stream chat exploded in an array of *OMG* s and *FACE REVEAL???* s, making George smile, before confirming that, *yes* , *Dream is about to do his face reveal* . The first dono rolled in, from someone with a username he couldn’t pronounce, asking why Dream is doing a face reveal on George’s twitch stream instead of in a video on his own youtube channel.

“Good question! Some otherworldly force is compelling us to do this right here, right now, despite being something kind of out of the ordinary for us and just not something we’d do. Interesting, right?” George hoped whoever sent the donation got the point.

George chatted a bit with the stream chat, Dream continually teasing everyone off-screen for a while before actually deciding to step in front of the camera. When he *did* , the chat started going so fast that neither of them could read it. People started donating to show off their best pickup lines to Dream, in a sort of competition. It was a considerably easy stream, until a new donation popped up on screen. A \$300 donation from someone who’d called themselves “Dream”- the message only reading: “Kiss me.”

“Oh, what? Thank you ‘Dream’ for the three hundred dollar donation, but, um, pretending to be the *actual* Dream isn’t going to work.” He laughed nervously in between pauses, and hadn’t even turned to see Dream’s own reaction until he heard him speak.

“Dude, that’s *my* donation. I paid you three hundred bucks, c’mon. Kiss me.” He was grinning, fully enjoying every second of this.

“Dream,” George scoffed, “you’re not actually-”

“I mean, I paid a lot of money.”

“You can’t be serious, you fully expect me to kiss you right now?”

“Well, yeah.”

“You- *what?* ”

“Guys, look at him! He’s totally blushing. Clip this!” Dream was laughing now, leaving George feeling hurt. It couldn’t be that Dream knew about his feelings for him, right? There’s no way he was mocking him?

“Seriously, though, George, you’re not gonna pull through? Not even for the views?”

“Go to hell, actually,” George tried to sound as annoyed as possible. Anything, as long as he didn’t sound flustered, or hurt, or genuine at all. Dream burst into laughter again, quickly moving onto the next donation.

The rest of the stream went fine. It’s not like George was actually paying attention for most of it. Had that actually just happened?

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George was not an angry person, he just happened to get angry often. It never lasted that long, anyways. He was mad at Dream for putting him on the spot like that, and I guess it was more obvious than he thought.

“Oh, come on. Is this about earlier? I was just joking around, you know. The fans love that kind of stuff.” There was a playful tone to his voice, obviously not taking George as seriously as he wanted to have been. His efforts to calm George down only succeeded in pissing him off even more.

“Why don’t you ever think about *me* ? Do you reckon you could, for once, put my own feelings above your stupid fanservice agenda?” Upon raising his voice, Dream’s smile faltered in a way that kind of broke George’s heart. His eyes dropped to the floor. He was so, so tired. Tired of pretending and tired of heartbreak. “It- It’s not a *joke* , Dream. Not for me.” His voice was small and meek, lined with shame. How dare his heart betray him like this? How dare he fall in love with his best friend?

“Oh,” *Shit*. “You mean...”

George tore his eyes away from the floor to look back up at Dream. He looked hurt, so much so that whatever anger lingered in him had been snuffed out.

“I’m sorry. Really, George.” Dream shifted, moving closer.

“I hated loving you. I hated it. It hurt me so much to have to be so far away, and knowing you’d never love me back was just...” The silence spoke for itself. “Being with you made it so much better. I figured, if I couldn’t have you, I could... have *this* . Your friendship, I guess. I’m sorry. I love you so much.” Once again, the words slipped out of George. This time, they were heavy and sharp, very unlike his earlier (seemingly platonic) confession. At least he was being honest?

“When you- I thought you were making *fun* of me, with the donation. Like, you knew how I felt, and wanted to rub it into my face how much you’ll never actually care. I don’t know how else to say it, like, I- I fucking *love* you!” George’s frustration bled into his words. “I’m going to sleep. We can talk tomorrow, if you want.”

As he went to walk past Dream, the latter grabbed George’s arm.

“Wait,” Dream gave an exasperated sigh, waving his hands in the air a bit. George hesitated.

“George, I... I am... *such* an idiot. Can- Can I kiss you?”

“Wh- can you *kiss* me? Seriously?” George’s heart pounded so loud he could barely hear anything else. And, his knees, had they suddenly turned to jelly? Better question: Had Dream actually just asked this, or was he going insane?

“Yes, seriously! George, you just, actually told me you were in love with me. I thought, I don’t know, you’d like to know that I... like you back?” Dream covered his face with his hands, clearly embarrassed. At this, George reached up to Dream, moving his hands to get a better look at him. He doesn’t think he’s ever seen Dream *this* red.

“Um, yes. Yeah. Go... go ahead.” *God! Your best friend just asked to kiss you and this is how you react? You’ve literally been fantasizing about this forever! God. He’s so hot. He’s so tall. What the hell? Is this actually happening? He’s really tall, damn. Maybe you should-*

George’s mind went blank when their lips met. His eyes had closed on instinct, but he’d forgotten how to kiss. Was he just nervous? Actually, it was probably that he’d never kissed anyone outside

of a handful of girls. Dream probably thought he was *so* bad at this, and- *No, enough overthinking. I'm just going to live in the moment for once.*

Dream sat the both of them down on his bed, and George kissed back. The longer they went on (it wasn't that long, in retrospect), the more passionate he got. He felt that every moment in his life had only just been leading up to this, right now. Why hold back? Dream pushed against him, gently, lovingly. His hand traveled to George's face, guiding each other closer. He was so good at kissing. He was doing this thing where he really *really* softly bit at George's lips, and it was driving him crazy. If he didn't calm down soon, he might accidentally make some embarrassing sounds. He felt hot all over. He wanted so much more of Dream. He wanted Dream to have all of him. He couldn't even think straight.

Dream was the first to pull away. George appreciated it, because he was starting to run out of air, but he gave a disappointed sigh anyways. Dream looked perfect, and he wasn't just saying that. The redness in his cheeks, the puffiness in his cheeks, his hair all messy... George's heart skipped several beats upon realizing that *he* did that to him.

"George," he said. Quietly, simply. George felt a grin grow on his face.

"That was good, thank you." Dream gave a small laugh.

"We should... go to bed."

"We're already here?"

"No, you idiot." Dream smiled, obviously not meaning to insult. It was more of a fond nickname, at this point. "I mean, we should go to sleep."

"Oh. Uh, yeah. Of course. Together?"

Dream just rolled his eyes, and pulled George in for another kiss. *Yes. Yes, together. Always together. I love you so much.*

Their shared caresses spoke for themselves.

## End Notes

umm i had to somehow acknowledge how ooc a face reveal on georges twitch stream would be so i put in that stupid donation.. dont really care ok? hope you enjoyed leave kudos and comment if you want to <3 it would be greatly appreciated

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